XJncle Jotham's Boarder

11 He had an old bait-net of thin, rotten stuff
That a minner could cite his way through;
But he never went fishin*— at least, in the way
That fishermen gen'ally do;
But he carried that bait-net wherever he went;
The handle was j'inted in two.

" And the bottles and boxes that chap fetched along!
Why, a doctor would never want more;
If they held pills and physic, he 'd got full enough
To fit out a medicine-store.
And he 'd got heaps of pins, dreffle lengthy and slim,
Allers droppin' about on the floor.

44 Well, true as 1 live, that old feller just spent
His hull days in loafm' about
And pickin* up hoppers and roaches and flies —
Not to use for his bait to ketch trout,
But to kill and stick pins in and squint at and alt
He was crazy *s a coot, th' ain't no doubt.

' a He M see a poor miller a-flyhV along,—
The commonest, every-day kind,—
And he *d waddle on arter it, fat as he was,
And foller up softly behind,
Till he 'd flop that-air bait-net right over its head,
And 1 'd laugh till nigh out of my mind.

" Why, he 'd lay on the ground for an hour at a stretch
And scratch in the dirt like a hen;
He M scrape all the bark off the bushes and trees,
And turn the stones over; and then
He *d peek under logs, or he 'd pry into holes.
1'm glad there ain't no more sech men.

" My wife see a box in his bedroom, one day,
Jest swarmin' with live caterpillars;
He fed 'em on leaves off of all kinds of trees—
The ellums and birches and willers;
And he 'd got piles of boxes, chock-full to the top
With crickets and bees and moth-millers.

"1 asked him, one time, what his business might be.
Of course, I fust made some apology.
He tried to explain, but such awful big words!
Sorto' forren, outlandish, and collegey.
"S near 's I can tell, 'stead of enterin* a trade,
He was tryin' to jest enter *moiogy.*